

THE FAIRY ANSWER.

Written by J. BEETHOLME LAWREEN.

Composed by ODOARDO BARRI.

Allegretto.

mf

1. Now Ren - ben, dear, you say 'tis clear, My
2. So when to - night, the stars shine bright, I'll
3. So Ren - ben dear, you'll say 'tis clear At

rall.

p

heart be - longs to you, And that you'll do such dread - ful things If oth - ers come to
seek the fai - ry dell, And ask them just to an - swer what, My own heart can - not
least 'tis so to me, They've sent a fai - ry hero to say, That heart be - longs to

woo..... But then you see, I'd like to be, The dar - ling of you all..... So
tell,..... But Ren - ben dear, I seem to hear, A fai - ry whis - per say..... The
then,..... And as that's so, Be - fore you go, Just take my own as well..... Since

rall. poco.

a tempo.

just to test who loves me best, On fai - ries I must call..... Down in the
heart we see so true to thee, Is not so far a way..... So from the
fai - ries now have an - swered what, I wish'd them most to tell..... So from the

colla voce.

(2 pp.)—2.

fai - ry dell, There ask them to tell, Which lad in the vil - lage owns the heart so true to
fai - ry dell, They've sent word to tell, Which lad in the vil - lage owns the heart so true to
fai - ry dell, They've sent word to tell, Which lad in the vil - lage owns the heart so true to

p a tempo.

me Down in the glen be - low, Down where the vio - lets blow,
me So from the glen be - low, Down where the vio - lets grow,
me And from the dell be - low, Down where the vio - lets grow,

accel.

Fai - ries will tell me who that one may be, Fai - ries will
Fai - ries have told me who that one may be, Fai - ries have
Fai - ries have said that heart be - longs to thee, Fai - ries have

1st and 2d time.

tell me who that one, that one may be.
told me who that one, that one may be.
said that heart be -

Last time.

longs, be - longs to thee.....

The Fairy Answer.—3.

THE VIATICUM.

Soul while in thy rebel body pent
Thou still art mastered by thy faller strong,
But when he falls, the author of thy wrong,
how dost in turn control thy tenement,
And since thy glad release will soon be sent,
Though thou hast suffered harsh oppression
long,
and pangs and passions still around thee
throng,
Now thou art conscious only of content.
Now, when death's shadow o'er thy face is
spread,
Thou dost not fear, for thou hast grown in
might,
And thy food avails not, thou would'st fain be
fed
With food celestial. Lo, his eyes grow
bright
Then he had eaten of the living bread,
In whose blest strength he journeyed forth
to light.
—Cecil P. Wilson in New York Sun.

TEACHING A CAT A LESSON.

Was a Costly, Even Though It Proved an
Effective, Experiment.
The man who always has a cure for ev-
ery ill and a remedy for every evil showed
me of his strokes of genius the other day.
His wife's cat had acquired a fondness for
one of the bathtubs in the house. Of
course this tub was in the room next to
the dressing room of the master of the
house. Of course the master of the house
doesn't like cats.
"Fannie," he said, "I found that cat
snoozing in my bathtub again today."
"I'm sorry, dear," she said. "I have
tried to break her of that habit, but I don't
seem to succeed."
"Well, we must have that cat drowned,"
he said fiercely.
His wife protested mildly.
"That is the only annoying trick she
has," she said. "It would be a pity to kill
her."
"Then," said the man of the house,
"I'll take this thing into my own hands.
Now, I'll explain to you how I'll do it."
You know how she gets into the tub.
He takes a run, leaps to the edge and goes
without a splash. I'm going to run about
three inches of water into the tub, let it
stand there and let her get a sousing. You
know how a cat likes water," he added
significantly.
He put his plan into operation at once.
That afternoon pussy did her little hand-
some as usual over the side of the bathtub.
The plan worked to perfection. There was
loud cry, a streak of cat through the

dressing room and a wet flash into the
sewing room. Near the door of this room
stood a perch on which rested in peaceful
sleepiness a dignified parrot. The cat tried
this hurdle, but missed it, and the parrot,
knocked to the floor, added to the force of
the cyclone which went raging around the
house. A table was knocked over, and a
statue of the Venus of Milo, already short
of arms, was made legless. The baby of
the house was frightened into spasms, the
parrot scolded and screamed himself into a
fit, and afterward the dripping cat, having
made a lightning tour of the house, was
found trembling and subdued on her mis-
tress' jacket, price \$65.
"I hope," said the lord of the manor
when he had surveyed the scene of wreck-
age, "that this will teach your cat a les-
son."
"I hope so," said his wife, soothing the
baby and looking at her jacket with mourn-
ful eyes.
"There is only one way to go about such
things," said the husband, with satisfac-
tion. "I pride myself on being able to han-
dle animals." And his wife discreetly
said nothing.—New York Tribune.

Early Friendships.

Of all the disappointments that come to
us in this life one of the greatest is when we
realize that we have outgrown our early
friendships. There isn't a person living
who has not already or will not in the fu-
ture know the meaning of this statement,
for this poignant grievance seems to be
very part of life that all must share alike.
Youth forms ties that at the time seem
to be everlasting. Separation comes.
Vows of constancy are uttered and letters
interchanged. Time goes on, the early
friends do not meet perhaps for years, and
when they do, alas, they find themselves
uncongenial. Other ties and other inter-
ests have awakened new sentiments. They
try to get back to the old friendly footing,
but something holds them in check. They
cannot define the change, but they realize
its existence and a pang of sorrow smites
the heart that longs so earnestly to be
constant.
It is owing to this natural and gradual
drifting that so few of the matches made
by men and women of immature judg-
ment ever outlive the vicissitudes of the
changing years. Intentions are of the best,
affections are not blighted, but the con-
geniality of sentiment is missing, and
little by little it occurs to the husband or
wife that the other is not what she or he
seemed in the years gone by, and a tacit
acknowledgment of mistake casts a cloud
over the union that promised to be so sun-
ny.—Philadelphia Times.

"There Were Giants In Those Days."

Turner, the naturalist, declares that he
once saw, upon the coast of Brazil, a race
of gigantic savages whose average height
was over 10 feet. Some individuals exceed-
ing 12½ feet. M. Thovet of France, in his
description of America, which was pub-
lished in Paris in 1875, says that he was
once present when the skeleton of a South
American savage 11 feet and 9 inches in
height was discovered. The Chinese have
a record of several giants between 19 and
16 feet in height which have lived in the
Flower Kingdom within the last 800
years. Josephus mentions a Jew who was
10 feet 2 inches, and Pilny was well ac-
quainted with Gahara, the Arabian giant,
who was 9 feet 9 inches in height. Com-
ing down to modern times, we find that
John Middleton, who lived in the time of
James I, was 9 feet 8 inches and had a
head 17 inches long by 8½ broad. Mur-
phy, one of the celebrated trio of "Irish
Giants" (Charles Byrne and O'Brien be-
ing the other two), was 8 feet 10 inches

and O'Brien 2 inches taller.—St. Louis
Republic.

The Difference.

"Will you be mine, darling?" he asked
after a year's courtship.
"No, it can never be," was her reply.
"Then why have you let me hope so
long?" he said as he went toward the
door.
"Because I intend never to belong to
any man. You can be mine if you like."
He saw the difference and stopped.
Years afterward he saw the difference still
more clearly.—London Tit-Bits.

A Poor Outlook.

Neighbor—Going to give your boy a
trade?
Father—Wouldn't do. He's got a weak
back.
"A profession, then?"
"No use. Weak head."
"Might do for politics."
"No. Weak stomach."—Good News.

The Black Bear of North America.

The black bear (Ursus americanus) is
the most persistent of all our large mam-
mals in his refusal to be exterminated.
Because of the facts that his senses are
keen, his temper suspicious and shy, and
his appetite not at all capricious he hangs
on in the heavily wooded mountains
swamps and densely timbered regions of
North America generally long after other
kinds of big game have all been killed or
driven away.

As his name implies, he is jet black all
over except his nose, and when his fur is
in good condition it is glossy and beau-
tiful. His muzzle from his eyes down into
the edge of his upper lip is either dull
yellow or dingy white, and sometimes,
particularly in Alaska, he has a white
spot on his breast. According to locality
and climate, the hair of the black bear
may be short and close, as in the south,
or long and inclined to shagginess, though
not so much so as the grizzly's. Very often
his coat will be abundantly thick and of
good length, but so even on the outside
and so compact that he looks as if he had
been gone over by the scissors and comb of
a skillful barber.

So far as I have seen, neither the griz-
ly nor cinnamon ever has that appear-
ance. In the north, where his furry coat
is finest, it is now eagerly sought by the
furriers, and the standard price for a large
skin of good quality is \$35. The ladies
prize it for muffs and collars, and the car-
pet warrier and the bandmaster love to
have it tower heavenward from their war-
like brows as a shako.—W. T. Hornaday
in St. Nicholas.

A Hard World.

A strange looking man came into the
drug store and slipped up to the counter
on tiptoe.
"I want some stuff to kill a dog with,"
he said.
"Going to commit suicide?" inquired
the red-headed clerk, with pleasing naïveté.
"Cheerful!" growled the man.
"Anything else?" grinned the clerk.
"To be honest with you," explained the
customer, "I do want it to commit sui-
cide with."
"What do you want to do that for?"
"I'm dead broke, and I can't stand it
any longer."
"Have you enough to buy the stuff
with?"
"No. I thought maybe you would trust
me."
"Not much. It costs money to die as
well as to live."
The man looked at the clerk disgust-
edly. "This is a hard world, ain't it?" he
said sadly, and went out into it again.—

Morris Was Not There.

Between Cincinnati and Indianapolis is
Morris, a small station on the Big Four.
One train in the schedule gets in Morris
toward the hour of midnight, and the
brakemen and conductors are compelled
to call out the name of the station. Their
voices are neither sweet nor low, and the
dozers in the cars are rudely aroused from
their cat naps.

As the train approached Morris one of
the brakemen pulled in the back door:
"Morris, Morris!" He had barely fin-
ished his little speech when the forward
brakeman joined the symphony with the
chorus:
"Morris, Morris!" The conductor wasn't
going to get left in a festive like this, and
he wound up the finale with a shriek
louder than all the rest:

"Morris, Morris!" Then a gruff passen-
ger, who had been rudely awakened, an-
swered and said:
"Oh, for God's sake, shut up! Morris
ain't in here."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Shortening Sail on Land.

"I've never been to sea," said Mr.
Swyzalby, "and so I've never seen 'em
shorten sail in a storm at sea, but I think
I can form a pretty good idea of how its
done, for I live in a flat, and I've seen the
people take in their washing on washdays
when a shower came up."

Cold Baths.

Cold bathing in the early morning is
beneficial only to those persons who have
sufficient vital energy and nervous force
to insure good reaction, with no subse-
quent languor or lassitude. Many persons
who are greatly refreshed by their morn-
ing bath feel tired or languid two or three
hours after it. When this occurs, it is
conclusive evidence against the practice.
—Popular Magazine.

Mirth.

Harmless mirth is the best cordial
against the consumption of the spirit.
Wherefore jesting is not unlawful, if it
trespasseth not in quantity, quality or ses-
sion.—Fuller.

A Color Test.

A new anthropometric test of sensitiv-
ness has been designed by Dr. Galton. A
band of color, showing all the 65 shades
of blue, is slowly passed before the eye,
and the subject makes a dot for every
shade detected. As far as experiments
have proceeded only about 20 shades are
generally discovered. In one case, how-
ever, a dyer detected about 40. Some
curious light will be thrown on different
colored eyes and perhaps on the relative
sensitiveness of the sexes by these novel
experiments.—London Public Opinion.

Nonsuit in England is a remuneration
by the plaintiff of his suit, generally upon
the discovery of some error or defect when
the matter is so far advanced that the jury
is ready at the bar to deliver a verdict.
The plaintiff is to pay all costs.

The Horrid Man.

"Well, I'm going home to quarrel with
my wife."
"Great Scott! Are you looking for
trouble?"
"Oh, no! But I want her to do a lot of
small favors for me. After the quarrel's
over she'll do 'em all at once to show she's
made up again."—Chicago Record.

Children Cry for
Pitcher's Castoria.

BAPTISM FOR THE DEAD.

One of the Curious Customs Peculiar to the
Mormon Church.

"The people of the east who imagine
that the members of the Mormon church
have given up a single iota of the tenets
and practices of their belief are wide of
the mark," said Robert E. Yewell of Og-
den. "While polygamy is not indulged
in as openly as heretofore, it nevertheless
flourishes all over the territory, and the
priesthood of the Mormon church has just
as tenacious a hold upon the people. There
are 30,000 men enrolled in the priesthood
in Utah, and each one of them has defi-
nite duties to perform. Old President
Woodruff, who is nearly 70 years old and
nearing his end despite his rugged appear-
ance, is a religious enthusiast, who is im-
plicit in his faith and devotes himself to
his spiritual advancement, but under the
lead of his undoubted successor, George Q.
Cannon, who was for many years the de-
legate from Utah in congress and who is
easily the ablest man in the Mormon
church, you will find that the followers of
Joseph Smith will resume as autocratic a
sway as they ever enjoyed in the days of
Brigham Young. Cannon knows every
detail of the church and will use his
knowledge to advance its interests and his
own ambition in every direction. During
the past few years President Woodruff has
devoted most of his time to being baptized.
You see one of the most curious customs
of the Mormon church is baptism for the
dead."

"The Mormons believe that if one of
their saints assumes the name and goes
through the ceremony of immersion for a
dead relative who passed away before the
Angel Moroni appeared to Joseph Smith
Cannon, who was for many years the de-
legate from Utah in congress and who is
easily the ablest man in the Mormon
church, you will find that the followers of
Joseph Smith will resume as autocratic a
sway as they ever enjoyed in the days of
Brigham Young. Cannon knows every
detail of the church and will use his
knowledge to advance its interests and his
own ambition in every direction. During
the past few years President Woodruff has
devoted most of his time to being baptized.
You see one of the most curious customs
of the Mormon church is baptism for the
dead."

WOMEN DO HAVE QUEER WAYS.

A Shopper Who Came Near Being a Buyer
but Managed to Escape.

Over the ribbon counter of a big store
hung one festoon bright enough in color
to attract the roving eye of one of New
York's luxurious matrons. The morning
was sultry, and the busy clerks were too
tired and cross to leisurely answer ques-
tions with their usual suavity, but the
matron was interested and not to be put
off by snappy replies.
After a prolonged gaze at the bright
hued ribbon she drawled in a most pro-
vokingly unhurried way:
"Name of that?"
"Name? Mean name of the color?"
"Yes."
"Phlox."
Another prolonged gaze, during which
the energetic young women behind the
counter waited upon one or two more de-
cided customers, deftly measuring off
yards of ribbon. Then came again the
provoking drawl:

"Think that is wide enough for a collar
and belt?"

"Crush collar and belt?"
"Yes, crush collar."
"That is about the width."
A long pause, devoted to contemplation.
"Three-quarters enough?"
"Yes, if you have a rosette."
"More for ends?"
"Takes a yard if you have ends."
Period of silent cogitation.
"What's the price?"
The black eyed clerk, who was not di-
vinely tall, strained her arm in a vain
effort to catch the roll which hung just
beyond her reach, and a friendly voice
from the next counter cried, "Forty-five
cents."
"Forty-five cents, madam," repeated
the saleswoman in a tone calculated to
suppress further inquiry.
Madam was unconscious of offense and
took more time for consideration.
"Think a narrower width would do?"
An expressive shrug, followed by "Yes,
if you like them narrower."
"Well, give me a yard of that."
"Sold at the center of the counter, far-
ther down, madam. Nothing but narrow
fancy ribbons sold here."
This was too good a chance to be lost by
the shopper. She cheerfully walked the
other way in search of more information.
—New York Times.

The general public are of the belief that
the word "storm" simply implies a pre-
cipitation of some kind, either rain, snow
or sleet, when, in fact, in a scientific sense
the word "storm" means "wind in mo-
tion," and when a storm is mentioned by
the weather bureau it is expected that the
winds will be high, regardless of the at-
tending conditions.—Toronto Mail.

Donizetti was his own librettist. Several
acts of "Lucia" and "La Favorita," as
well as of other operas, were written by
him, the libretto furnished not suiting his
views of what it should be.

Bandmasters in the navy are paid \$53 a
month; musicians of the first class, \$38;
second class, \$30; drummers, \$18 to \$20.

Dyspepsia Cured

"My wife has been a great sufferer with dys-
pepsia for over four years. Three bottles of
Hood's Sarsaparilla have perfectly cured
her. At times the
lightest food would
distress her terri-
bly. She could not
sleep well nights
and she said no one
could tell how badly
she felt. She was
also troubled with
sick headaches. She
had tried different
kinds of medicine,
but none did her any
good. At last Hood's
Sarsaparilla was
recommended and
one bottle did her so
much good that she took two more and now
she is perfectly well. She is not now troubled

Hood's Sarsa-
parilla
Cures
with any sick headaches
or bad feelings, can eat
heartily and sleep well.
To Hood's Sarsaparilla
belongs all the credit."
Mrs. MERRITT, Addison, Maine.
Hood's Pills cure headache and indigestion.

MELLIN'S
FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.
FOOD
THE ONLY PERFECT
Substitute for Mother's Milk.
Dear Sir:—I have used your Mellin's Food
two years, and highly recommend it to the
public. It is easily the best food in the mar-
ket for infants and invalid children; our little
girl used it over two years.
Mrs. M. J. HUSTON,
Greenville, Maine.
Dear Sir:—I am a nurse, have used your
Food a great deal, and I find it is the best
food used for infants. Yours respectfully,
Mrs. CHARLES KANEY.
SEND for our book, "The Care and
Feeding of Infants," mailed
Free to any address.
Dolliver-Sendale Co., Boston, Mass.